(By Grant Seymour
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J.J.S. Pam. Pamp. J3

THE SPEECH;

AS IT SHOULD BE,

FROM A CIVIL SERVANT'S POINT OF VIEW.

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Then look upon "THIS CANADA OF OURS!"
Behold your Viceroy, both his hands extend,
While either party claims him as a friend,
Anxious, as you, with all his main and might
"To uphold the Empire and maintain the right."

* * *

There's many a familiar face, I ween,
We look in vain for on this busy scene—
We miss too many who have passed away,

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THE SPEECH,

AS IT SHOULD BE,

FROM A CIVIL SERVANT'S POINT OF VIEW.

FOURTH SESSION.—THIRD PARLIAMENT.

My Senators and Commons, welcome all!
Obedient you have come at duty's call—
All full of fight, but animated yet
With what Canadian Statesmen ne'er forget—
Their country's welfare—Canada's best weal,
What nobler theme to animate your zeal!

* * *

Ye doughty Legislators—brimming o'er
With patriot warmth, and eager as of yore
To break a lance with all who say you "nay,"
Full willing, anxious, burning for the fray—
Happy, ye are! ye children of the West,
With peace, health, wealth and fair contentment blest!
—Hark from the East there comes a doleful sound,
With "horror breathing from the silent ground."
We see John Bull, his finger on the trigger,
Watching the Czar—that everlasting nigger!
We hear of earthquakes, famines, desolations,
With sore distress and trouble 'mongst the nations,
Of men's hearts failing them for very fear,
As though the end of everything were near.
Then coming back across the salt sea foam,
And viewing men and matters nearer home,
What do we see? A nation, sprung to life
But five score years ago, now plunged in strife,
Yes! thus their centenary are they keeping—
A sight indeed to set the Angels weeping!
Contrast your lot with theirs—your neighbours—those
Poor cousins—victims to intesting foes,
Behold them, driven well-nigh to distraction,
With rival Presidents—poor slaves of faction!
We see them, with policemen at the gate,
And so promoting "freedom of debate!"
One country writhing 'neath two rival powers:
Then look upon "THIS CANADA OF OURS!"
Behold your Viceroy, both his hands extend,
While either party claims him as a friend,
Anxious, as you, with all his main and might
"To uphold the Empire and maintain the right."

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We look in vain for on this busy scene—
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Men who had served their country in their day,—
Their names are now engraved on honour's scroll ;
They acted well their parts with heart and soul :
And now, rake up their ashes!—God forbid it!
They knew their duty, and full well they did it ;
Peace to the dead, then! 'Tis to you to-day
Your Governor has some few words to say :

* * * *

I visited, a few short months ago
Our fair *Pacific (?)* Province, as you know,—
And, though perhaps, by some misunderstood,
I think my mission did a little good—
For, though they cried "*Carnarvon terms, or bust,*"
They've all come to their senses, now, I trust—
But if they haven't, all I have to say
Is (most reluctantly)—the more fools they!

* * *

Some honourable lieges on my left,
Men wise in Council, shrewd, longheaded, deft
In all the arts of statesmanship, have raised
A cry for more "Protection." I'm amazed!
Think they that England's power has sunk so low,
That Canada need fear a foreign foe?
We surely need no more "Protection," while
Protected by a certain little Isle!

* * *

Our trade and industries, I grieve to hear,
Have not been as they ought, this bygone year ;
We hear of business failures far and wide,
And tales of sore distress on every side.
"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true,'
And some there are who say—believe it too—
That while the *Rouges* reign, things must look *blue!*
They may be right—'tis not for me to say—
Your duty is to drive the clouds away,
With patient diligence to find the cause,
And then, by wise and well-considered laws,
Bring back, as in the happy days of yore
Peace and prosperity to every door,—
Which done may "Hard Times come again no more!"

* * * *

Talking of hard times, though, I cannot pass
In silence that maligned, long-suffering class,
The Civil Service, by : for many years
They've poured their sorrows into "dead men's ears,"
Year in and out—(but ah! without avail!)
A sound arises, "very like a *wail!*"
For Sessions past, their fond appeals you've heard,
And now, heart-sick, at last, with hope deferred,
They wait in sadness with uplifted eye :
Then, oh, ye Legislators! hear their cry,—
The Lord forbid that I should ever say

You serve your country merely for the pay!
Banish the thought! but p'rhaps you may recall
A certain session when you, one and all,
Concluded that the simple cost of living
Had so increased, that what you then were giving—
Or rather what you *got*, would never do
For men, e'en though abstemious as you—
How sixty, forty, twenty-eight per cent,
Were added with unanimous consent
To yours—to ministers and their *vices'* pay—
But the poor rank and file! ah where were they?
Alas, that they who made no vain pretence
To be above such sordid things as pence,
Who work so faithfully "from 9 to 4,"
To keep the wolf, starvation, from the door,—
They who most wanted help, if truth be told,
Should be left out to shiver in the cold!
Then list to what your Governor has to say.
"You *must* see Justice done—and *right away!*"

* * *

They've had another gathering of the clans
Among our warlike friends, the Fenians:
It seems they smelt the blood of Englishmen,
And started on the warpath once again.
We heard their dreadful, muttered "Fee Faw Fum!"
And waited for them—but they did'nt come,
So hemp went down again—the price had risen,
For comfortable quarters in a prison,
With Shelter, Clothing, Fuel, Light and Board
In these hard times we could'nt well afford—
Next time they come, they vow they mean to stay,
And so they will; their souls may fly away,
Their bodies though we'll keep, they may be sure,
—They'll serve as first class Fenian manure.

* * *

One word of counsel, now, e'er I conclude,
With your kind leave—"I hope I don't intrude,"
Let's trust we'll hear of no unseemly brawls
Profaning these august and hallowed halls:
Keep calm and cool—observing law and order—
Exemplars prove to those across the border,—
They want some good example, Heaven knows!
A nation pitied by its very foes:
Be courteous one to another, then,
For though M. P's. you still are gentlemen!
Soft answers, as you know, oft turn away
E'en bitter wrath—this maxim, then, obey—
While *Fortiter in re*, your passions quell,
Be *suaviter in modo*, too—Farewell,—
Now get to work, and may the best men win—
So prays.

Yours most sincerely,

J—ff—B—n.

6597 – July 18/21

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